

Kissing is Gross by MurphysLaw

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Summary:

Jonathon comes out to Will.

Kissing is Gross

Author's Note:

I wrote this about a month ago on a train and promptly lost it. Then I found it again in a pile of papers. So enjoy.

"Why do you not have a girlfriend?" The question caught Jonathon by surprise and he froze, hand hovering above the tapes he had been flicking through. His left finger was just touching the plastic of a Bowie case.

"Why'd you ask?" He sounded nervous, the question dragged out. His eyes were locked onto the black lettering of *Ziggy Stardust*. He could remember his dad asking the same question but this was Will. No malice hid behind his words, just twelve year old curiosity.

"Mike's older sister has a boyfriend, so why don't you have a girlfriend?"

The answer he gave his dad about how long term commitments and setting wasn't for him would never work on Will. Would never work on anyone who actually knew him. Anyway, he couldn't lie to him. He could ask Will to stop, and his younger brother would, but he had to be honest with someone.

"I'm interested," he was still speaking slowly. Trying to explain how he feels, who he *is*, in a way that a pre teen would understand wasn't going to be easy. He wasn't even sure he could explain it to himself. "It's just I can't do... everything expected of me in a relationship." *I'm broken*. He didn't say that out loud. Couldn't let his brother hear that even though it was true.

Will thinks about that for a second. Jonathon still hadn't moved his eyes, unable to look away from the title.

"You'll be like Dad?" Will finally asked. Loud music and distractions could never fool someone as smart as his brother.

"No!" He said it too loudly, causing himself to flinch. He carried on softer. "Nothing like that. I don't like kissing and... and other stuff."

"Kissing is gross." Will stated. Eyes finally unlocked, Jonathon peered at his brother through the corner of his eye. Will had his nose wrinkled up, and unable to help himself, a smile forced its way onto his face.

"I think so too." He agreed. He was glad his brother didn't see him as a freak. Aware he will soon. "But... other people don't. They think it makes me a..." He trailed off but Will gets it.

"I won't tell anyone," Will promised, face solemn. Then his face broke out into his optimistic smile. "I'm sure you'll find a girl-"

"Or boy." Might as well come out with it now. It was only a matter of time before Will realised anyway. At least now he might except it. Before he talks too much with their dad, or listens to the church, or the press. Except Jonathon's heard what people have yelled after his brother and friends.

Will paused again and Jonathon decided he would do anything if his brother didn't walk out right now. He doesn't, just carried on, unsure at first but growing more confident as he speaks. "I'm sure you'll find someone who finds kissing as gross as we do."

"You think?" asked Jonathon, doubtful. But Will was adamant.

"I'm positive."

Author's Note:

Thank you for reading.